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HYMNS

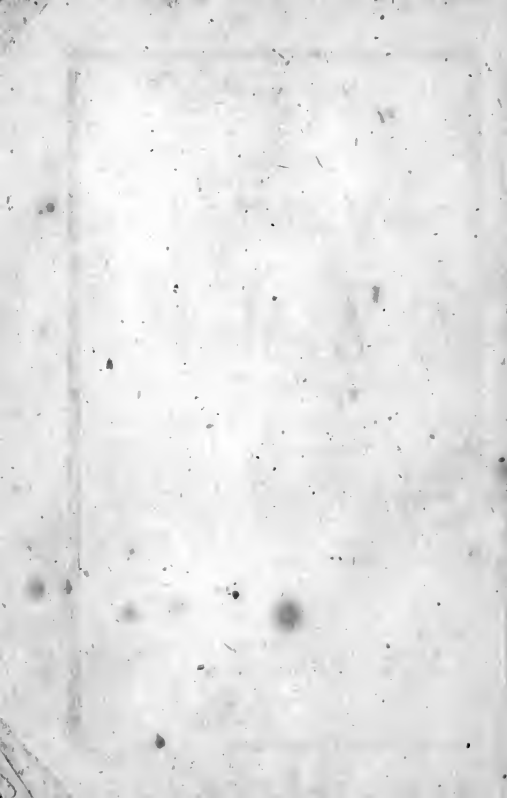
FOR THE

CAMP.

Third edition, revised and enlarged.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to
the Lord." Col. iii: 16.

56P
3562



TO
"OUR SOLDIERS,"

THIS LITTLE COLLECTION OF HYMNS IS AFFEC-
TIONATELY DEDICATED.

God grant that every one who shall read or sing these hymns may join that great multitude, that glorious choir, that shall at last surround the throne on high, and there ascribe, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and might, unto our God forever and ever."

THE JOURNAL

OF THE

PROGRESS OF

THE

ARTS

AND

SCIENCE

IN

THE

UNITED STATES

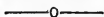
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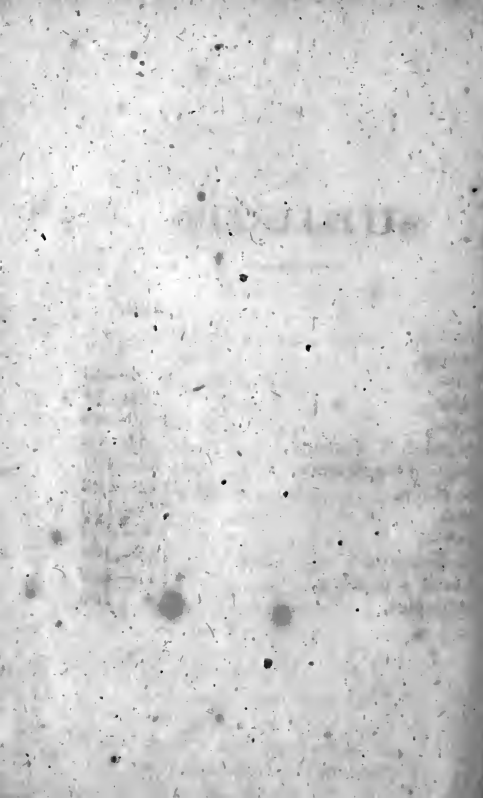
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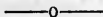


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HYMNS.

—:0:—

1 L. M¹

- 1 AWAKE my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and
will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design or do or say,
That all my powers with all their might
I thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.

2 L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, ;
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the word, myself. and thee,
 I, ere I sleep at peace may be.
- 3 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

3 C. M.

- 1 ANOTHER day of soldier life
 Is numbered with the past ;
 It was not filled with bloody strife,
 And did not prove our last.
- 2 Thy grace, O God, hath kept us whole ;
 To thee we lift our praise ;
 Accept the homage of each soul,
 And keep us all our days.
- 3 Keep us in safety through the night,
 And with us those we love ;
 Save us, we pray thee by thy might,
 In battle and above.

4 C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when my lisp'ing, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save!

5 S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain,

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 'Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back, to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

6 C. M.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
 And did my Sovereign die!
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
 And shut his glories in,

When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

7 L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Commands my soul, my life, my all.

8 7's & 6's.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatched me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His wondrous power to save.

2 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain.
 Some said that nothing ailed me:
 Some gave me up for lost;
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed.

3 At length, this great Physician—
 How matchless is his grace!
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case;
 First gave me sight to view him,—
 For sin my eyes had sealed,—
 Then bade me look unto him:
 I looked, and I was healed.

- 4 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come, then, to this Physician ;
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition ;
 'Tis only, Look and live.

9 C. M.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopped my wild career.
- 3 I saw one hanging on a tree
 In agonies and blood ;
 He fixed his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 O, never, to my latest breath,
 Shall I forget that look ;
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt ;
 It plunged me in despair ;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And helped to nail him there.
 A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;

" This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die that thou mayest live."

Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its darkest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.

10 C. M.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme:
 The mysteries that we speak
 Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
 And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
 With joy receive the word;
 They see what wisdom, power, and love
 Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
 Restores their fainting breath;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair, and death.

Till God diffuse his graces down,
 Like showers of heavenly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

11

C. M.

- 1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long,
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour sits !
 The God ! how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs; with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around,
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harp employs :
 Jesus, my love, they sing !
 Jesus, the life of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,
 And be an angel too ;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 5 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise ;
 O for some heavenly notes to bear
 My passions to the skies !

12 S. M.

- 1 GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair ;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor nows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood :
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies :
This is salvation's only source ;
Hence all our hopes arise.

13 S. M.

- 1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim ;
Thou in the midst of us shall be,
Assembled in thy name :
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Present we know thou art,
 But, O, thyself, reveal !
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 The mighty comfort feel !

4 O may thy quickening voice,
 The depth of sin remove ;
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
 In hope of perfect love !

14 L. M.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;
 No weapon in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword or thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word ;
 Trust in his mighty name, and live.
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

15 C. M.

1 JOY to the world ; the Lord is come,
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let ever heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

16 C. M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief ;
 He saw, and O, amazing love !
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 O, for this love, let rock and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

17, 8, 7.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled, in him, to God,

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory rased,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

18 L. M.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestuds the sky,

- One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was
dark:
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my **all**;
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's
thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

19

H. M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise ;
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary,
 Now pour effectual prayers,
 And strongly speak for me :
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 3 The Father hears him pray,
 The dear anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The pleading of his Son ;
 His spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 To God I'm reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear ;
 With filial trust I now draw nigh,
 And "Father, Abba Father," cry,

20

L. M.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of life depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,—
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to hush, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
Jesus is not ashamed of me!

21

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fears.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

22

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust:
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet.
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last, laboring breath,
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

23 C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all,
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race.
 A remnant weak and small!
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall:
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all!

24 L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays.
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me;
 His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate;
 His loving kindness, O how good!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along!
His loving kindness, O how strong.

4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass this mortal vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

25 C. M.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation ! buried one in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

26

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty maker to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs.
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

27

L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 And truth eternal is thy Word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore
 shore ;
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

28

C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care ;
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear ;
 And all his promises to plead,
 When none but God can hear,
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore ;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray,
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

29 S. M,

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God;
 But children of the heavenly King,
 May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry:
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

30

C. M.

- 1 O THOU; whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears,
 From sorrow's weeping eye:—
- 2 See low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said,—“Return?”
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat!
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

31

C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer,
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive :"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

32 L. M.

1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
 bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent.
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

33

7's.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 2 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:
God is love! - I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

- 4 Now incline me to repent!
 Let me now my fall lament!
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

34

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys!
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers:
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

35

L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found before the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 There, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat:

36

C. M.

- 1 A THRONE of grace ! then let us go
And offer up our prayer ;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

A throne of grace! O, at that throne
 Our knees have often bent,
 And God has showered his blessings
 down
 As often as we went.

- 3 A throne of grace! rejoice ye saints!
 That throne, is open still;
 To God unbosom your complaints,
 And then inquire his will.
- 4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
 Long as we draw our breath,
 A Saviour too, to intercede,
 Till we are changed by death.
- 5 The throne of glory then shall glow
 With beams from Jesus' face,
 And we no longer want shall know,
 Nor need a throne of grace.

37 C. M.

- 1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries.
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.

- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my
 ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

39

L. M.

- 1 WITH all the boasted pomp of war,
 In vain, we dare the hostile field;
 In vain, unless the Lord be there;
 Thine arm along our land can shield.
- 2 Our arms succeed, our counsils guide,
 Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
 Till war's destructive rage subside,
 And peace resume her gentle reign.

40

C. M.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O, hear us for our native land—
 The land we love the most.
- 2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless,
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The song of liberty.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend.

41

C. M.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom,
'Twill fit us for declining age,
Or for an early tomb.
- 3 O, may my heart by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

42

C. M.

- 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin

Hath like a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

4 I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

43 8's, 7's & 4.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity joined with power;
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty! come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;

Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall !
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

44

7's.

- 1 BLEEDING hearts defiled by sin,
 Jesus Christ can make you clean !
 Contrite souls with guilt opprest,
 Jesus Christ can give you rest.
- 2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
 Precious hours and and years laid waste ;
 Turn to God, O turn and live !
 Jesus Christ can still forgive.
- 3 Souls benighted and forlorn,
 Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
 Now in Israel's Rock confide ;
 Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 4 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
 Yield not to the tempter's power ;
 On the risen Lord rely ;
 Jesus Christ—

43

11's & 10's.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, wher'er ye languish:

Come to the mercy-seat fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts. here tell your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy to the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

4 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

46

C. M.

- 1 JESUS thou art the sinner's Friend ;
As such I look to thee.
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace ;
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free :
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth ;
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer' God,
I pray, remember me.

47 L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !
 O that I could at last submit,
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find :
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove ;
 Thy cross all stained with hallow'd blood,
 The labor of thy dying love.
- 4 I would, but thou must give the power ;
 My heart from sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful-hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer.
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay :
 Appear, in my poor heart appear !
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

48 L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' ensure the great reward ;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
No faith, nor hope beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

49

7's.

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep ; arise from death ;
See the bright and living path ;
Watchful tread that path ; be wise ;
Leave thy folly ; seek the skies.

- 3 Leave thy folly ; cease from crime ;
 From this hour redeem thy time ;
 Life secure without delay ;
 Evil is thy mortal day.

L. M

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control ?
- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice ,
 It was the Saviour's gracious call ;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
 Regard in time the warning kind ;
 That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

51 7's.

- 1 SINNERS turn ; why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker asks you why ;
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.

- 2 Sinners turn ; Why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour asks you why :
Will ye not in him believe ?
He has died that ye might live.
- 3 Will ye let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, unpardoned sinner, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 4 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die ?

52

7's.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found ?

- 3 When the judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?
- 4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

53

L. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer return,
And seek a Father's melting heart:
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn."
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

54

1 WE'RE travelling home to heaven above
Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love,

Will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode,

Anointed kings and priests to God,

And millions more are on the road,

Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?

In rapturous strains to praise his name,

Will you go?

The crown of life we there shall wear,

The conqueror's palms our hands shall

bear,

And all the joys of heaven we'll share,

Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?

To raise our voice and tune the lyre,

Will you go?

There saints and angels gladly sing

Hosanna to their God and King,

And make the heavenly arches ring,

Will you go?

4 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see,
 Come to me."

55

S. M.

1 AND can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own the conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all resign;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

56

L. M.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I naed, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

57

L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 " Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command :
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

58

C. P. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
 His spotless righteousness I plead,
 And his availing blood :
 That righteousness my robe shall be ;
 That merit shall atone for me,
 And bring me near to God.
 Then save me from eternal death ;
 'The Spirit of adoption breathe :
 His consolation send ;
 By him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,
 " Thy Maker is thy Friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away ;
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
 To everlasting day.

59

L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
 Let a repenting rebel live ;
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
 So let thy pardoning love be found.

- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

60

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

- 3 Author of faith, to the I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 O, let me now receive that gift,
 My soul without it dies!

61 7's.

- 1 ROCK of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 When I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death.
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

62 7's.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:

Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten mercy to implore -
Stay not for the morrow's sun
Lest thy season should be o' r,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

63

11's.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not ; O sinner ! draw
near,
The waters of life are now flowing for
thee ;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is
here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is
free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy
God ?

A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse,

To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its
sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy
race,—

To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

64

C. M.

1 AWAKE my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A crown of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey.
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand that presents the prize,
To thine uplifted eye.

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

65

L. M.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise :
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

- 1 HARK my soul! it is the Lord,—
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore;
 O for grace to love thee more!

68

S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ arise,
 And gird your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.

4 That having all this done,
 And all your conflicts past.
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand complete at last.

69

- 1 SOLDIERS of the cross arise!
 Lo! your Captain, from the skies,
 Holding forth the glittering prize,
 Calls to victory:
 Fear not, though the battle lower;
 Firmly stand the trying hour:
 Stand the tempter's utmost power,
 Spurn his slavery.
- 2 By the mercies of our God—
 By Immanuel's streaming blood,
 When for us alone he stood,
 Ne'er give up the strife;
 Ever to the latest breath,
 Hark to what your Captain saith,—
 "Be thou faithful unto death;
 Take the crown of life!"

70

S. M.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure trust and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commande.
- 2 He points the clouds their course,
 He shall prepare thy way;
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 Whom winds and seas obey.

- 3 Firm on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 5 No profit can'st thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

71

C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God, are in thy hand ;
 My choicest comforts come from thee,
 And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine ;
 Before they were possessed by me,
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
 Though all the world were gone,
 But seek enduring happiness
 In thee, and thee alone.

72

S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

73

C. M.

- 1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead?
 Pardon and grace my soul receives
 From mine exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
 Shall be forever thine,
 What e'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
 And duty did not call,
 I love my God with zeal so great
 That I should give him all.

74

L. M.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss,
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake.

- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne :
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what thy Lord has done.

75

S. M.

- 1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 4 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

76

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way.
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 4 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

77

C. M.

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word—

"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
An trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;

I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;

Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;

Be thou my strength and righteousness
My Saviour and my all.

78 10's & 11's

1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near
And for my relief will surely appear:

By prayer let me wrestle, and he will
perform—

With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,

'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide—

Though cisterns be broken, and crea-
tures all fail,

The word he has spoken shall surely
prevail.

- 3 His love, in time past forbids me to
think

He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me
quite thro'.

- 4 Determined to save, he watched o'er
my path,

When, Satan's blind slave,
with death;

And can he have taught me to trust in
his name,

And thus far have brought me to put
me to shame?

- 5 Why should I complain of want or dis-
tress?

Temptation or pain?—he told me no less.
The heirs of salvation, I know from his
word,

Through much tribulation must follow
their Lord.

- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can con-
ceive,

Which he drank quite up, that sinners
might live—

His way was much rougher and darker
than mine ;

Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I
repine ?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,

The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease
before long,

And then, O how pleasant the conquer-
er's song !

79

8's.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours ;
When Jesus no longer I see !

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness with me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,

The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,

December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,

And sweeter than music his voice ;

His presence disperses my gloom,

And makes all within me rejoice :

I should were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind.
 While blessed with a sense of his love;
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song;
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winter so long?
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

80

L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess,
 So let our works and virtues shine
 To prove thy doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within.
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion, and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and
love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

81

7's.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.
- 2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

- 4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
 In thy hands my life I trust:
 Have I somewhat dearer still?—
 I resign it to thy will.
- 5 Thee at all times will I bless,
 Having thee, I all possess;
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with thee?

82

C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
 My journey I'll pursue;
 "Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead
 I'll follow where he goes;
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not," for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be—
 "Hinder me not," come, welcome, death;
 I'll gladly go with thee.

83

C. M.

- 1 THIS world would be a wilderness,
If banished, Lord, from thee;
And heaven, without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven to me.
- 2 My Friend art thou where'er I go,
The object of my love,
My kind Protector here below,
And my reward above.
- 3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.
- 4 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
I find in thee a hiding-place,
And there securely rest.

84

C. M.

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings, too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace:
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas my delight,
To do thy Father's will;
O, may that zeal, my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

- 3 Unsullied meekness, truth and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

85 C. M.

- 1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor
To make me truly blest.
- 2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart.
Enduring bliss can find.
- 3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest;
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

86 L: M.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
 The desert, thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my
 name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

87 L. M.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
 Away ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down the gulf of dark despair,
 And while I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me
 there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treacherous
 seas.
 And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands and glance my
 eyes;

O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

88

C. M.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav-
en,

And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;

None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,

'Tis faith that works by love,

That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;

This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

89

C. M.

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state
His sins are all forgiven;

A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his soul to heaven.

- 2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
 He heaves the pensive sigh,
 Yet, trusting in the Lord, he find
 Supporting grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
 He feels the chastening rod,
 The gentle stroke shall bring him back
 To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes,
 To call his soul away,
 His soul in raptures will ascend,
 To everlasting day.

90 C. M.

- 1 HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one;
 Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
 To harmony divine.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given,
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

We all shall meet in heaven at last,
 We all shall meet in heaven:
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in haaven.

2 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows ;
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And love immortal glows.
 O sacred hope ! O blissful hope !
 Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

91 C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?
 2 Shall I be carried to the skies
 On flowery bed of ease ?
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas.
 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

92

7's.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear;
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,
 One who loves us to the end;
 Forward, then, with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home."
 2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares;
 Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart:
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon in glory be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home."

93.

7's.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
 As ye journey sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There, your seat is now prepared, —
There, your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

94 S. M.

- 1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes ;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing
But not his sacrifice.

- 3 When he gave up his life,
 The law was satisfied;
 And now, to its severer claims,
 I answer, "Jesus died."

95

- 1 COME on, my fellow-pilgrims come,
 O glory, hallelujah!
 We're on our way to Zion,
 Hallelujah!
- 2 We have some trials here below;
 By and by we'll go and leave them.
- 3 We'll bear with all our sufferings here,
 There's a better day coming.
- 4 A few more beating winds and rains—
 Then the winter will be over.
- 5 Let winds blow high, let winds blow
 low,
 We're making for the harbor.
- 6 We have some friends before us gone,
 By and by we'll go and meet them.
- 7 We'll meet around our Father's throne,
 And be with him forever.
- 8 Farewell, vain world, we're going home,
 We soon shall meet our Saviour.

- 9 O what a happy day 'twill be
When we all meet in Heaven.
10 O how it lifts my soul to think
Of meeting in the Kingdom.
11 There through a long eternity,
We'll praise our Redeemer.
12 O, who will come and go with me?
My home is over Jordan!

96 C. M.

- 1 FIRM as the earth the gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His chosen from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

97 C. M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly flame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

98 C. M.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart and see ;
 And turn each hateful idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love ;
 Dead be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.

- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
 To my attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure
 bound,
 My Saviour's voice to hear.
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
 But O, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

99

7's.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul!
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 Till the storm of life be past!
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O! receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none.—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
 Leave, O! leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

100 11's.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of
 the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent
 word !
 What more can he say than to you he
 hath said—
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have
 fled ?
- 2 "In every condition—in sickness, in
 health: [wealth ;
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in
 At home and abroad ; on the land, or
 the sea,—
 As thy day may demand, shall thy
 strength ever be.
- 3 "E'en down to old age, all my people
 shall prove

My sovereign, eternal unchangeable
love;

And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose,

I will not, I will not desert to its foes;

That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,

I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!"

101

S's & 7's

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken.

All to leave, and follow thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,

Thou, from hence my all shalt be:

And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,

God of wisdom, love, and might,

Foes may hate, and friends disown me,

Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me;

'T will but drive me to thy breast:

Life with trials hard may press me;

Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:

O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,

While thy love is left to me ;
 O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

102 C. M.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause ;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God. I know his name—
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

103 S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

104

C. M.

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

105

- 1 HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
O, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 'Twas heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 3 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his
name:
O, that all might believe,
And salvation receive;
And their song and their joy be the same.

106

7's & 6's.

- 1 O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?

- When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 • And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier ;
 My Captain's gone before ;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er ;
 His faithful word has promised
 A righteous crown to give ;
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love to fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow—
 I bid you all adieu ;
 And O, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 Then, when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

107

- 1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our King says come, and there's our
home,
Forever, O forever !

CHORUS.

For O ! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

108

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
 That saved a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
 And grace my fears relieved ;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
 I have already come :
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the vail,
 A life of joy and peace.

109

8's & 7's.

- 1 COME thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my hear to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise ;
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above ;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.

- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 5 Prone to wonder, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

110 L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
 He whom I fix my hopes upon:
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief my burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way,"

- 4 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am:
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

111 11's.

- 1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way;
 The few lucid mornings that dawn on
 us here
 Are followed by gloom or beclouded with
 fear.
- 2 I would not live alway thus fettered by
 sin—
 Temptation without and corruption
 within:
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
 with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with pen-
 itent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome
 the tomb;

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
its gloom :

There sweet be my rest till he bid me
arise

To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from
his God—

Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,

Where rivers of pleasure flow bright
o'er the plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns ?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren transported
to greet ;

While anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

112 S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed ;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears.
God shall lift up thy head.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way;
 Wait thou his time; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care begone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
 And rulest all things well.
- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway,
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering, own his way
 How wise, how good his hand!

113

8, 7, 4.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,

Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 2 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Thou of death and hell the conqueror,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

114 C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :—
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

115 C. M.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled,

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart shall rest on thee.

116

C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 With blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

117 S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see ;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
 He shed those tears for thee,

- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear :
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

118 7's.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
 2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity !
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

119 7's.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.
 2 Now to you my spirit turns—
 Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O, receive me into rest.
 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave,

4 Mine the God whom you adore ;
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more ;
 Every idol I resign.

120 C. M.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu !
 A nobler choice be mine ;
 A *real* prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense, —
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The Pearl of price immense !

3 Jesus; to multitudes unknown,
 O name divinely sweet !
 Jesus, in thee, in the alone,
 Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be forever bless'd.

6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine ;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And bid me call thee mine.

121

S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we assunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free.
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

122

C M

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears:
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night,
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

123

C M

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
 To meditate thy word;
 My soul with longing melts away,
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write my praise.

124

C M

- 1 THE day approaches, O my soul !
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns ;
And lo ! the judge appears ;
All nations stand before his bar,
With mingled hopes and fears.
- 3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain ;
Rouse then, my soul ! with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

125

S M

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul :
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
 O, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death.

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 For evermore undone.

126

L M

1 WHY should we start and fear to die ?
 What timorous worms we mortals are ;
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lay my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

127

8's & 7's

1 PEACEFUL be thy silent slumber ;
 Peaceful in the grave so low ;
 Thou no more wilt join our number,
 Thou no more our songs shall know.

2 Dearest brother, thou hast left us ;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;

But 'tis God that hast bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

- 3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

128 C M

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants),
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I travel my appointed years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O, what hath Jesus done for me!—
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,

And trees of Paradise !

I see a world of spirits bright,

Who taste the pleasures there ;

They all are robed in spotless white,

And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings, here,

If, Lord, thou count me meet,

With that enraptured host t' appear

And worship at thy feet !

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,

Take life or friends away ;

But let me find them all again,

In that eternal day.

129

L M

1 ETERNITY is just at hand,

And shall I waste my ebbing sand,

And careless view departing day,

And throw my inch of time away ?

2 Eternity ! tremendous sound !

To guilty souls a dreadful wound !

But, O ! if Christ and heaven be mine

How sweet the accents ! how divine !

3 Be this my chief, my only care,

My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—

An interest in the Saviour's blood,

My pardon seal'd and peace with God.

- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
 My fears, O gracious God! remove;
 Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart:
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

130 S. M.

- 1 O FOR the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord!
 O, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward!
- 2 Their bodies in the ground,
 In silent hope may lie,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
 Through long-succeeding years,
 Embalmed with all our hearts can give
 Our praises and our tears.

- 5 O for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord !
 O, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward !

131

P. M.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering flying,
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark !—they whisper ; angels say,
 “ Sister spirit, come away ; ”
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears ;
 Heaven opens on mine eyes ; mine ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 “ O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

132

C. M.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day.
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?
- 2 Thou awful judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.
- 3 If now thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near!
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear,

133

C. M.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a warning
 sound;
 My ears attend the cry,—
 “Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers:
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
 Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?—

Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

134 8's 7's & 5's.

- 1 IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land,
There is rest, etc.
- 3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear,
There is rest, etc.

- 4 Sing, Oh! sing ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumphs as you go;
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You will find an entrance through,
 There is rest, etc.

135 6's & 4's.

- 1 I'M but a traveler here—
 Heaven is my home
 Earth is a desert drear—
 Heaven is my home
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
 Heaven is my father land,
 Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage!
 Heaven is my home,
 Short is my pilgrimage—
 Heaven is my home,
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side
 Heaven is my home,
 I shall be glorified—
 Heaven is my home,

- 4 There are the good and blest—
 Those I love most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

136° 7 & 6

- 1 RISE, my soul and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Towards heaven, thy native place;
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source;
 So the soul that's born of God
 Pants to see his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant, in the skies;
 Yet a season, and you know

Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

137

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day ;
 O, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King ;
 Loud let his praises ring,—
 Praise, praise for aye.
2. Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand—
 Why still delay ?
 O, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee !
 Blest, blest, for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye,—
 Kept by a father's hand,
 Love cannot die,
 On, then, to glory ! on !
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;

And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

138 C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile a Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

139

- 1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,

- Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

140

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed
on before ;

Waiting, they watch me approaching
the shore ;

Singing to cheer me through death's
chilling gloom,

Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear !

Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear :

Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome,—

Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

3 Death with thy weapons of war lay me
low,

Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the
blow ;

Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb !

Joyfully, joyfully will I go home,

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,

Death shall be banished, his sceptre be
gone ;

Joyfully, then shall I witness his doom,

Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

141 C. M.

1 ON Jordan stormy banks I stand,

And cast a wishful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land,

Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest ?

142

C M

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 O! could we make our doubts remove,—
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,—

And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,

Should fright us from the shore.

143. L M

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high eternal noon.

4 O long expected day begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

144

1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry but a night;

- Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the rivers are ever flowing.
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing for the sight ;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
- 3 Of the country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer is the light ;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sinning, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry but a night.

145

S M

- 1 WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 Till it is called to soar away
 To everlasting bliss.

146 7's

- 1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest,
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our wordly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints:
 Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

147 L M

- 1 COME Christian brethren ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart,

One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final-song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

148

1. SAY, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?
By the grace of God we'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

- 2 Jesus lives and reigns forever
On Canaan's happy shore!
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore!

149

L M

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our hearts in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

150

C M

1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head.

151

L M

1 Praise God from whom all blessings
 flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

...and the ...

...and the ...

...and the ...

...and the ...



